

THE BIRTHPLACE  
OF LITTLE TURTLE

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF LITTLE TURTLE

BY

CALVIN YOUNG

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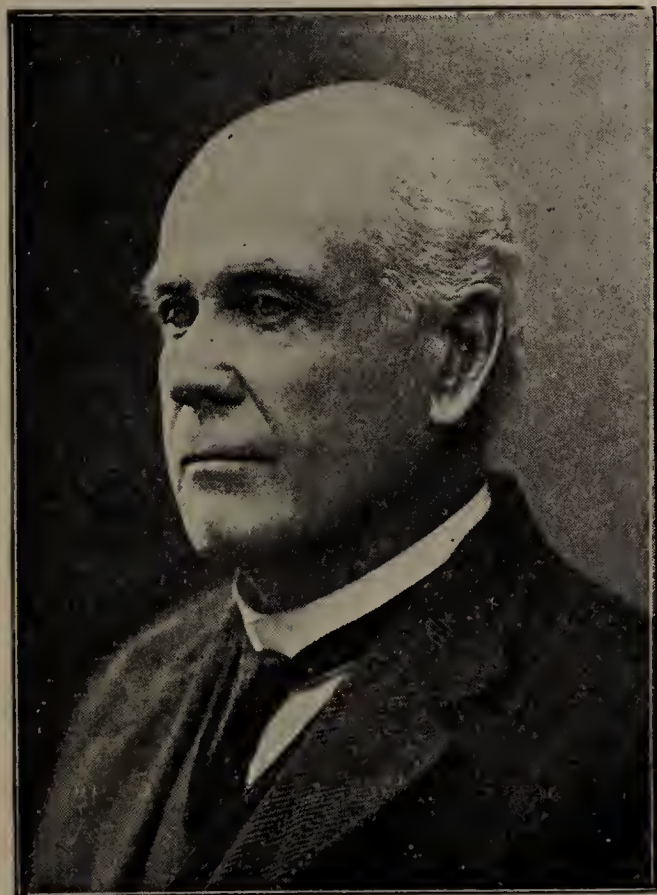
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## THE BIRTHPLACE OF LITTLE TURTLE.

BY CALVIN YOUNG.

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It may not be improper to acquaint the reader with what is to be found in the following pages,—the design of which is to add some new facts to the history of Little Turtle, a distinguished Chieftain of the Miami tribe; to portray some new historical sidelights that have heretofore never been published and to revise and enlarge on a former article written by myself



CALVIN YOUNG.

on the birthplace of the above named chieftain published in the Twentieth Volume of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Reports for 1911. Last but not least this sketch has been prepared at the earnest request of several noted and worthy friends.

We are indebted to the following authors for valuable information: Dillon's "History of Indiana," Abbott's "History of Ohio," Bryce's "History of Fort Wayne," W. S. Blatchley, former State Geologist of Indiana, J. P. Dunn's "True Indian Stories," Lossing's "Field Book of the War of 1812," "Hand Book of North American Indians," E. A. Allen's "History of Civilization," F. E. Wilson's "Peace of Mad Anthony" and possibly some other authors. To all of which we make respectful acknowledgments.

We especially owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. J. M. Stouder

of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to F. E. Wilson of Greenville, Ohio, and to Mr. C. K. Lucas of Huntington, Indiana, for courteous favors rendered and for valuable suggestions. We also wish to say we have made every effort possible in this sketch to lay before the reader nothing but the most reliable record of facts to be found anywhere. To make this work reliable, readable and entertaining has been the cherished object of the author.

We respectfully dedicate the following pages to the young and rising generation, and to every true-born American who desires more perfect knowledge of the greatest Indian Chieftain that ever appeared in the annals of American History. Cicero said, "Not to know what happened before we were born is to remain always a child. For what were the life of man did we not combine present events with the recollection of past ages?" Consequently future generations will hold us responsible if we fail to honestly and faithfully preserve the records of pioneer times. Our children should be taught the spirit of genuine patriotism through a correct knowledge of the sufferings and hardships of our pioneer fathers and mothers in the early settlement of our country.

E. A. Allen, in his "History of Civilization", tells us, that the American Indians, their ancestors and kindred tribes belonged to the Turanian race. Other writers term them the Mongoloid family, and some eminent men of science tell us there is strong evidence that there have been three distinct creations of the human race at different periods of the world's history, and each at different locations, viz. the African, or Black Race, which made its appearance on the east coast of Africa; the Yellow, or Turanian Race, which belongs to America and are indigenous to the American soil; the Aryan, or White Race, which first made its appearance in northern Europe, or in Central Asia. However, we take it for granted that the American Indian has been a bona fide resident of the wilds of America for untold centuries.

The echo of the red man's voice  
Resounded through the vale,  
It lingered on the evening air,  
It floated on the evening gale.



It was borne along the mountain side,  
It drifted through the glen;  
It died away among the hills,  
Far from the haunts of men.

His face was flushed with hues of health,  
His arms and feet were bare;  
He had a lithe and active form,  
A scalp of raven hair.

Behind the hills he passed from sight,  
A sunken, fallen star;  
Until his voice is faintly heard  
Still calling from afar.

The Miami Indians belonged to the great Algonquin family with whom every student of American ethnology is quite familiar. The first account we have of the Miami Indians was by the French who found them in 1658, at Green Bay, Wisconsin; other branches of the tribe lived still later in northeastern Illinois, northern Indiana and northwestern Ohio. It seems from these locations that they had gradually moved southeast until they possessed the entire western part of Ohio as far south as the Ohio river, and east to the Scioto river, giving their name to three rivers, and to one county each in Ohio and Indiana. Of the entire Algonquin family there were perhaps none more stable, heroic and resolute than this Miami tribe. In stature, for the most part, the Miamis were of medium height, well built, with heads rather round than oblong. Their countenances were agreeable rather than sedate or morose; swift on foot and excessively fond of racing, both on foot and horse. Little Turtle was six feet high, slender and muscular. He had complete control of himself at all times, could smile in the depth of anger, was able, fluent, earnest and logical in speech, a cunning and adroit diplomat and was remarkably dignified in appearance.

Colonel John Johnson, Indian agent, says, "Little Turtle was a man of wit, humor and veracity, fond of the company of gentlemen and delighted in sumptuous meals and good eating." A writer quoted by Mr. Drake says, "He saw Little Turtle soon after St. Clair's defeat at Montreal and also described him as

about six feet high, sour and morose, and apparently crafty and subtle."

The Mohicans were also a branch of the Algonquin family, and first known to the English and Dutch occupying both banks of the upper Hudson river in New York, and the territory as far east as the Connecticut valley, also extending north almost to Lake Champlain. In 1664 they were at war with the Mohawks, and were compelled to remove to the Susquehanna river and settle near Wyoming, Pennsylvania. They afterward removed to the Ohio region, where they finally lost their identity. However, as early as 1721 a band of the Mohicans found their way to Indiana, where they had a village on the Kankakee river in which Little Turtle's mother was born and reared. The Mohicans were generally well built. As fighting men they were perfidious, accomplishing their designs by treachery, using stratagem to deceive their enemies and to make their most hazardous attacks under cover of darkness.

The village where Little Turtle was born in 1752 was located on the north tributary of Eel river, twenty miles northwest of Fort Wayne, Whitley County, Indiana, on lands now owned by William Anderson, in Section 9, Smith Township. This north tributary is known today as the Blue river branch near its junction at the Blue River Lake, to which it furnishes an outlet only a short distance away. The village stood on the west side of the river on a high, sandy point of land, surrounded



LITTLE TURTLE.

From an old cut reproduced from a painting burned at Washington in the War of 1812.





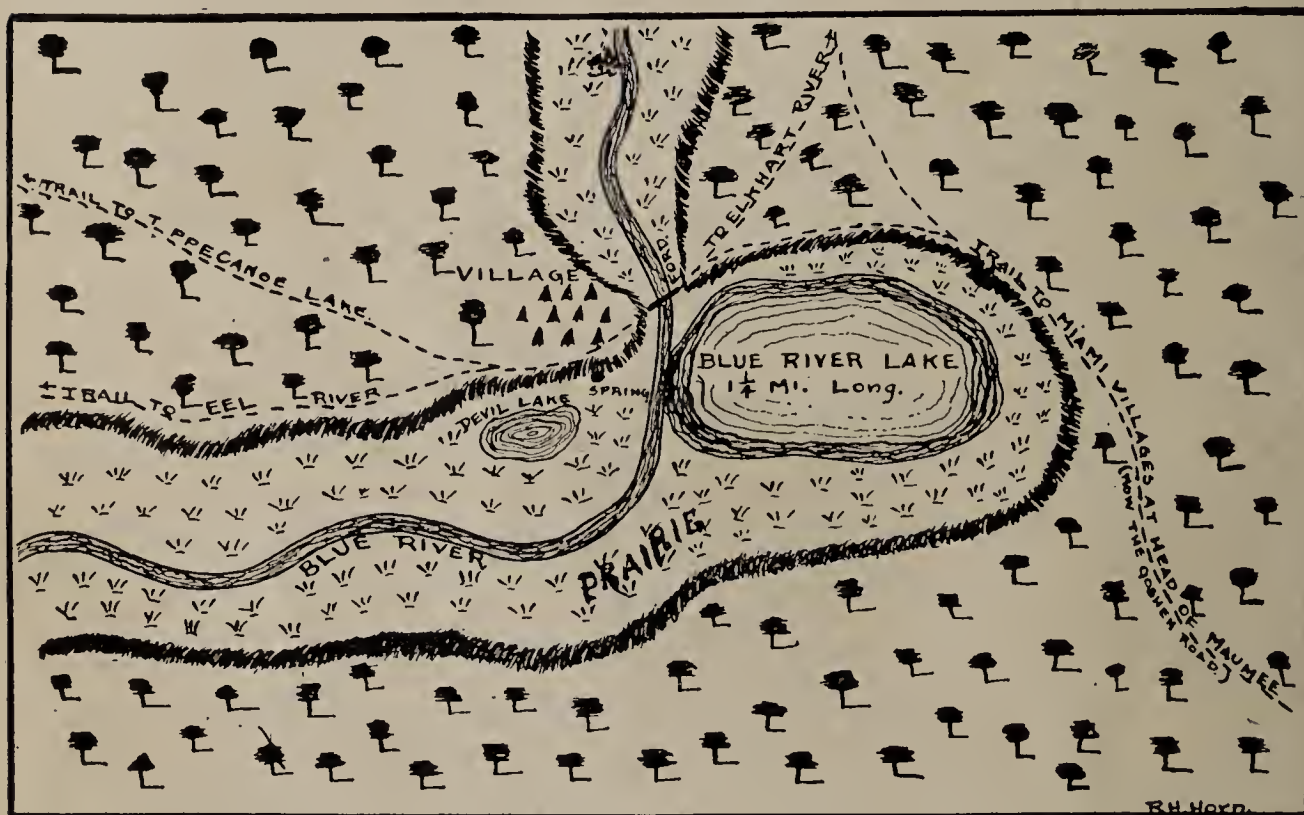
on three sides by a great bend in the river. A wide prairie marsh skirted these high lands north and south, but on the east the high banks were near each other, making it an easy ford to the north bank of the lake, only a few hundred yards to the eastward. The Blue Lake covered possibly five hundred acres. Near the foot of the hill immediate to the south a fine spring of water bubbled forth underneath the shade of a beautiful grove of large oak trees. A short distance to the south of the spring, nestling in the middle of the prairie, was a small lake containing three or four acres, and so very deep that the water looked a dark blue. It was called by the Indians Devil's Lake from the fact that something mysterious had appeared in or near it, entirely unknown to Indian lore, during a dusky summer evening, at which the Indians became terribly frightened and ran all the way to Fort Wayne, then a frontier outpost.

Many times, about 1863, and for a number of years later, the writer was on this peculiar ancient village site, where Little Turtle was born, and where he spent nearly all his life. This always seemed to me like enchanted ground. I have heard the solemn bark of the lonesome fox, the weird scream of the Canada lynx, also the shrill notes of the great northern loon as he floated by high in the clear blue atmosphere. Along the river banks were Indian trails worn several inches deep, which not only spoke of primitive, but also of recent times, as it was a flourishing village in 1812 and possibly was not entirely deserted until 1846, at which time the Indians were nearly all removed to the west. Numerous burial places in the vicinity could still be located as late as 1856, in which the consecrated dead had been enclosed in pole pens as a temporary protection to the body. A catlinite peace pipe was found in 1884, by Mary (Gross) Boggs, on the surface of a near-by field. A valuable cache of flint implements was plowed out a short distance down the river a few years ago, which fell into the hands of careless parties, and were soon lost or destroyed. Some very fine slate ornaments, tube whistles, and other similar objects were found recently near Coulter Lake, a mile below.

The site of this village is still uncleared, and, no doubt, contains many hidden and curious remains of prehistoric times.

An Indian trail led from this village northwest to the Elkhart river; another, southeast to the Miami villages, at the head of the Maumee (now Fort Wayne); a third, southwest down Eel river and the Wabash, and still another almost due west to Tippecanoe Lake and the Kankakee river.

Blue River Lake is only a short distance and in plain view to the southeast. No doubt Little Turtle as a child and youth spent many happy hours about this enchanted spot. On this account the reader will pardon us if we make a slight digression



X LITTLE TURTLE'S VILLAGE SITE 20 MILES NORTHWEST OF FT. WAYNE

Site of Birth of Little Turtle.

in describing more fully the lakes of northern Indiana. We can do no better at this point than to quote from Prof. W. S. Blatchley, above mentioned: "The lakes of northern Indiana are the brightest gems in the corona of the state. They are the most beautiful and expressive features of the landscape in the region wherein they abound. Numbered by hundreds they range in size from an area of half an acre up to five or six square miles. With the fertile soil, the great beds of gravel and myriads of boulders, large and small, they are to be classed as mementoes of the mighty ice sheets, which in the misty past covered the



northern two-thirds of the state. Outside of the counties in which they occur but few of the citizens of Indiana know of their presence, their beauty and their value. Their origin, their fauna and flora, the causes of their gradual diminution in size and final extinction are likewise known by but few.

“By the red man these lakes were more highly appreciated than by his more civilized Caucasian successor, for the reason that the Indian stood much nearer to wild nature than we. On the higher ridges overlooking these lakes he had his village sites. Over their placid waters he paddled his birch-bark canoe and from their depths he secured with hook and spear fishes sufficient to supply his needs, while mussels and the roots of the water lilies added variety to his daily food, while fowls by myriads in their migrating seasons came and went, stopping to feed upon the lakes, thus offering him many a chance to test his marksmanship with bow and arrow, while the skins of the muskrat, otter, and beaver, which he trapped about the marshy margins, furnished him protection against the cold. Thus it will be seen that his very existence depended often times upon these living bodies of water.

“It is little wonder, therefore, that he remained in their vicinity until driven westward by the conquering white man, leaving only the signs of his feasts — vast piles of shells, bones, and pit ovens — as reminders of his former presence and former glory.”

Blue River Lake lies two miles northwest of Cherubusco, and is in Sections 9, 10, 15 and 16, Smith Township of Whitley County, Indiana. It is oblong in shape, narrower at the eastern end, is about one and one-quarter miles long by one-half mile in average width. It has an area of about 420 to 500 acres, and a very uniform depth of 40 to 60 feet. The area of shallow water is of medium width, rather broad on the east, south and west sides, and narrower on the north. The shores at most points are rather abrupt, the surrounding country being of a rolling type.

Blue river heads in Green township, Noble county, from a chain of small lakes that range across the north side of the township, including Sand, Long, Dock and Bowen Lakes. It finally empties into Blue River Lake for a few rods only on the west

end, and then takes a southwest course by Columbia City, and a few miles below empties into Eel river. This lake thus receives its waters from upper Blue river and from springs along its sides and bottom. It is well stocked with food fishes.

Dr. Dryer speaks of the midsummer vegetation about the shores of this lake as follows: "Aquatic vegetation in great variety and profusion furnishes a botanist paradise. There are pond weeds, water shield, bladder wort, yellow pond lilies, duck weed, cat-tail, pickerel weed, smart weed, and numerous other varieties."

This lake is the only locality in northeastern Indiana known to the writer where the famous and splendid American lotus occurs. Here it is as abundant as the white water lily. Its flowers are difficult to procure because they are gathered by numerous visitors as fast as they open. With their leaves rolled up, and rocking like a boat, or expanded into an orbicular shield 20 or 30 inches in diameter and flapping in the wind, they present an interesting and attractive sight. The water in Blue River Lake in midsummer has the appearance of muddy coffee, and through the whole season teems with plant and animal life. Such a lake as this would repay a thorough and prolonged biological examination, and would furnish the naturalist with material enough for several years study.

Tippecanoe Lake, the head of Tippecanoe river, lays to the westward, possibly sixteen miles, and reaches the remarkable depth of 125 feet. It seemed that nature had provided here with a lavish hand an ideal home for the red man. The soil was productive for Indian corn, and the writer saw the old Indian fields red with strawberries in June. Wild grapes, wild plums, hazel-nut bushes, acorns and wild berries of all kinds grew near by in abundance. There were red deer, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and pheasants, river and lakes teeming with fish, and, over all a scenic beauty that the poet with his pen could not describe nor the artist with brush portray. All the beauty and poetry of Indian lore, it seems, were represented here as the floating clouds of summer long ago drifted o'er the deep blue sky. Such was the birthplace and home of Little Turtle, the great Miami chieftain.



In order to identify this location as Little Turtle's village, and if possible to leave no doubt in the mind of the future student of history, I will state here that this site is just twenty miles northwest of Fort Wayne, which agrees in distance with the very best authorities on the subject now in hand. We refer the reader to the "Hand Book of the North American Indians," "Bulletin 30", Vol. 1, page 771, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, Dillon's "History of the State of Indiana", page 495, also to Bryce's "History of Fort Wayne", published in 1868, page 227.

A little over two months after Little Turtle's death, which occurred at Fort Wayne, July 14th, 1812, General Harrison ordered Colonel Simrall, on September 17th following, to destroy Little Turtle's village twenty miles northwest of Fort Wayne, but not to destroy Little Turtle's house built by the government for him. This dwelling consisted of a substantial log house about eighteen by twenty feet square. The personal examination of those grounds, and the village site fifty years ago, and the settlement of the early settlers at that time, when the Indians were still present, fully corroborate the statement herein made. An especially good witness was Mr. Robert Walburn, an old trapper and hunter, who killed the last red deer known to run wild in Whitley County, in 1870. This gentleman informed the writer of the above-stated facts.

One of the first settlers of Smith township, Whitley County, was one Mr. Martin, who arrived with his family about 1840. His cabin stood within three or four miles of this village. He had a son, Hiram, who several times narrowly escaped from the wolves. The Miami Indians were still there at that time. The writer knew this man after he had reached middle life, and enjoyed many interesting talks with him about the wild animals, and Indians, who were still there in his boyhood days. His memory was very clear and accurate concerning the old village.

The main branch of Eel river is crossed by the old Indian trail (now the Goshen road) only eleven miles northwest of Fort Wayne. This could not have been the stream on which this village was located, as that stream was twenty miles from old Fort Wayne, or nine miles beyond the above point.



The Miami villages at the head of the Miamis were then called by their Indian name Ke-ki-on-ga, signifying in English "blackberry patch." As previously stated, Little Turtle's father was a Miami chief, and his mother was a Mohican. According to Indian custom, he was a Mohican, and received no advantage from his father's rank. Consequently, he was not a chief by descent. However, his talents having attracted the notice of his fellow tribesmen, he was made chief of the Miami's while comparatively a young man. When twenty-four years of age we



View of Little Turtle Village Site, taken May, 1913.

hear of him with Burgoyne advancing from the north in his disastrous campaign against Saratoga, where he finally surrendered to General Gates, October 17th, 1777.

During the summer of 1780 we find the gallant and unfortunate LaBalm, a native Frenchman, who had sailed the year previous from France with LaFayette, at Kaskaskia and later at Vincennes. Here he recruited fifty or sixty men, and in the fall of the same year proceeded up the Wabash on his adventure against the trading post of Kekionga. The sudden appearance of a foe unknown as to character, numbers and designs, threw the



Indians into great alarm and caused them to flee in all directions. After remaining a short time and making plunder of the goods of some of the traders and Indians, he retired to near the Aboite creek, a tributary from the west into Little river, eight miles southwest of Fort Wayne, where he encamped. These traders, having invited the Indians to follow and attack LaBalm, soon rallied the warriors of the village and vicinity under the lead of their war chief, the Little Turtle, and falling upon them in the night massacred the entire party. Not one is said to have survived to relate the sad story of the expedition. It seems that Little Turtle's time was employed during the decade immediately following 1780, as a leader in various war expeditions against different parts of the frontier, especially Ohio river points, and the outposts of Kentucky.

In one of these expeditions to Kentucky he captured a boy about eleven years old by the name of William Wells, whom he adopted. Wells grew up to manhood and became a favorite of Little Turtle and wife. In time he won and married his adopted sister, Little Turtle's beautiful daughter, and thus became in fact the son-in-law of Little Turtle. He also became a valuable interpreter on numerous occasions between the Indians and whites. Little Turtle had another daughter who married a chieftain by the name of Wak-shin-gah, and became the mother of Kil-so-quah. The latter now resides near Roanoke, Huntington County, Indiana, on a little farm with her son and daughter. She was 103 years old last May, and is the last full-blood Indian in the northwest living in the Wabash or Maumee valleys.

The first permanent settlement of the Northwest Territory was on the seventh of April, 1788, at Marietta, by General Rufus Putnam, composed of forty-seven person. A certain rivalry existed between two gentlemen as to who should cut down the first tree upon landing at Marietta. Captain Daniel Davis by accident selected a buckeye tree, and the other person a beech. Mr. Davis felled his tree first on account of its soft wood. Consequently Ohio was called from this incident the "Buckeye State." Cincinnati was settled on December 28th, 1788. This year was famous in the history of western emigration, as no less than twenty thousand persons, men, women and children, passed the



mouth of the Muskingum during the season on their journey down the Ohio river. In a very short time a territorial government was established, with General Arthur St. Clair as Governor.

The treaty of Paris in 1783, following the American Revolutionary War, did not bring peace with the Indian tribes of the northwest. The British, meanwhile, kept on good terms with the Indians, intrigued with them, and encouraged them in their hostilities against the Americans, which continued with savage fury. Murderous incursions by the Miamis and confederated



Little Turtle Village Site, where he was born 1752.

tribes from the Maumee and western countries were frequently attended with savage cruelties. The government decided upon immediate aggressive movements. To delay was only to encourage the Indians in their obstinacy, and the British in their unscrupulous work of feeding, clothing and equipping the Indians for their predatory incursions against the Americans.

The first army in this Indian war organized by the general government was placed under command of General Josiah Harmar. His arrangements being completed, he left Fort Washington September 30th, 1790, with 320 regulars and 1,133 militia



and drafted men, making in all 1,453 men. General Harmar arrived at the Miami villages October 17th, and found them all deserted. He proceeded immediately to burn them and destroyed 20,000 bushels of corn. The 18th was spent in a fruitless attempt to locate the Indians. On the 19th Colonel Hardin led a detachment of three hundred men including a small number of regulars. They followed along an Indian trail to the northwest for about fifteen miles, or to within one mile of the present village of Cherubusco, and to within five miles of Little Turtle's famous village. Through the neglect of Colonel Hardin to give the command to move forward Falknor's company was left in the rear, possibly a mile or more. The absence of Falknor at the time became apparent. Major Fontaine, with a portion of the cavalry, was at once sent in pursuit of him with the supposition that he was lost. At this time the report of a gun in front of the detachment fell upon the attentive ear of Captain Armstrong in command of the regulars. When Armstrong informed Colonel Hardin that the fires of the Indians had been discerned the latter believed that the Indians would not fight and rode in front of the advancing columns. The detachment was soon fired on from an ambuscade both skilfully designed and vigorously executed by the skill and genius of the commanding Miami chief, Little Turtle, at the head of not more than one hundred and fifty warriors. The Indians on this occasion gained a complete victory, having killed nearly 100 men. The rout of Colonel Hardin and Captain Armstrong continued until they arrived that evening at the camp of General Harmar. Little Turtle still recruited his Indian army and slowly followed the trail to near Harmar's encampment, which was still located at the old Miami village site, at the head of the Maumee. On the evening of the twenty-first of October at 10 o'clock General Harmar left camp and started on his return to Fort Washington. Little Turtle, who was immediately apprised of this fact, was in possession of the old Miami village early on the morning of the 22nd. Colonel Hardin, surmising that the Indians had returned to the burned village, solicited General Harmar to let him return and inflict a more severe chastisement upon them. The request was granted and Colonel Hardin with Major Wyllys was sent back with a detach-

ment of 400 men. They too soon became entangled in the snares of the wily Little Turtle, who, on the point of land between the St. Joseph and the Maumee, inflicted another serious defeat to the American arms. Majors Hall and Fontaine, with a detachment of militia was to pass around the village at the head of the Maumee, cross the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph, gain the rear of the Indian encampment unobserved and await an attack by the main body of the troops in front. Those consisting of Major M. Mullins' battalion, and the regulars under Major Wyllys were



Location of Harmar's Ford, foot of Harmar St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

to cross the Maumee at the usual ford and thus surround the savages. The game was spoiled by the imprudence of Major Hall, who fired prematurely upon a solitary Indian and alarmed the encampment. The startled Miamis were instantly seen flying in different directions. The militia under Major Hall and the cavalry under Fontaine, who had crossed the river, started in pursuit in disobedience of orders, leaving the regulars under Wyllys, who had also crossed the Maumee, unsupported. The latter was attacked by Little Turtle and the main body of the Indians, and driven back with great slaughter.



Richardville, a half-blood about 10 or 12 years of age, was in the battle, and in later life often asserted that he could have crossed the stream upon the bodies dryshod. This man succeeded Little Turtle as Chief, and died at Fort Wayne in 1840. The above statement is from Lossing (*Field Book of the War of 1812*), who visited Fort Wayne in 1860. We also have another statement by this same Richardville taken from Bryce's "*History of Fort Wayne.*" His recollection of the way the Indians stole along the bank of the river near the point long since known as Harmar's ford, was most thrilling. Not a man among the Indians, said he, was to fire a gun until the white warriors under Harmar had gained the stream and were about to cross. Then the red men in the bushes, with rifles leveled and ready for action, just as the detachment of Harmar began to near the center of the Maumee opened a sudden and deadly fire in the stream, until the river was literally strewn from bank to bank with the slain, one upon the other, both horses and men, and the water ran red with blood. While this was going on at the ford, Majors Hall and Fontaine were skirmishing with parties of Indians a short distance up the St. Joseph. Fontaine, with a number of his followers, fell at the head of his mounted militia in making a charge. He was shot dead, and as he fell from his horse was immediately scalped. The remainder, with those under Hall and Fontaine, fell back in confusion toward the ford of the Maumee and followed the remnant of the regulars in their retreat. The Indians, who suffered a heavy loss, did not pursue. General Harmar at about this time, it seems, had lost all confidence in the militia and decided to return to Fort Washington at once. A considerable number of the regulars of General Harmar's army had followed Washington and other generals in the war of the Revolution.

The slain of this little army were buried in the low bank near the ford of the Maumee, on the present site of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The writer recently viewed the location of Harmar's ford, which lies at the foot of Harmar Street, Fort Wayne, Ind. It shows no sign of blood and carnage today. General Harmar was forced to struggle homeward to Fort Washington as best

he could, a greatly disappointed commander. It was indeed a dreary march.

Notwithstanding the loss that the Indians had suffered they became more angry than ever. All the western tribes made common cause with the Miamis and banded together in more open warfare, so that the settlers were kept in constant fear of the tomahawk and scalping knife.

It may be mentioned here that in the spring of 1791 the President appointed Governor St. Clair Major General, and placed him in command of the army in place of General Harmar,

who resigned on his return to Fort Washington. Colonel Richard Butler was promoted to General and placed second in command. It was resolved to make another campaign against the Indians in the summer of the year above mentioned.

As other and various authors have so often and beautifully set forth in detail the preparation, march and arrival on the banks of the Wabash of St. Clair's army on the evening of November 3rd, 1791, we deem it unnecessary to repeat it here; but turn our attention to Little Turtle, who with great intelligence, craft and courage sought to



Soldiers' Monument, Fort Recovery.

form a great confederacy among the western tribes, together with Blue Jacket, the great chief of the Shawanese, and Buckongahalas, chief of the Delawares, with other northwestern savages, whose object was to drive the white settlers beyond the Ohio river. These Chiefs, in combination with Girty, McKee and Elliott, and other renegades, headed a band of warriors whose discipline had probably never been equaled in Indian warfare.



Nothing but a decisive blow by a large and well-organized force could quell the uprising being now formulated by their leaders.

The poet well describes the situation at this time when he says:

“They rise by stream and yellow shore,  
By meadow, moor and fen;  
By weedy rock and torrents’ roar  
And lonesome forest glen.

“From many a weedy, moss-grown mound  
Start forth a war worn band.  
As when of old they caught the sound  
Of hostile arms and closed around  
To guard their native land.”

The Indians, at the instigation of the British, contended for the Ohio river as the boundary of the United States. To get control of the upper lakes, and the valuable fur trade around them, was a favorite scheme of the British statesmen. It was even proposed as a *sine qua non* at the time, by the British commissioners who negotiated the Treaty of Peace in 1814, that the Indians inhabiting that portion of the United States within the limits established by the Treaty of 1783, should be included as the allies of Great Britain in the projected pacification, and that the boundaries be settled for the Indian territory upon a basis which would have operated to surrender to a number of Indians, not to exceed a few thousand, the right of sovereignty as well as of soil over nearly one-third of the territorial dominion of the United States, inhabited by more than one hundred thousand of its citizens.

When the British left Fort George, at the foot of Broadway, New York, November 25th, 1783, they left their flag flying. It was believed that the absence of British authority in the United States would be only temporary, hence the continuation of the Indian wars in the northwest at their behest. The final war of 1812 is justly termed the second war for American Independence. The second war gave to every true-born American an idea of absolute independence forever from British thralldom.

It seems that Little Turtle was watching with an eagle’s

eye for another opportunity to strike the American army. The coming victory over St. Clair was clearly the result not of overwhelming numbers, but of superior generalship. Here on the banks of the Wabash about daylight on the morning of November 4th, 1791, Little Turtle assailed St. Clair's army in front, on both flanks, and also at the rear near the close of the action, which was about half-past nine o'clock in the morning. At this time it became necessary to make a charge in order to clear the way to the road, so as to permit the retreat of the remnant of



Wayne St., Fort Recovery. Site of portion of St. Clair's Battle.

the army, which was hurled headlong down the trail, southward for a distance of three or four miles, with terrible slaughter by the victorious and triumphant Indian warriors.

No such defeat had heretofore occurred in American history, not even that of General Braddock in 1775. Down to the present time it has only been surpassed once, the disastrous defeat of General Custer on the Big Horn, June 25th, 1876. St. Clair's defeat was described by one Mr. Thomas Irwin in a diary which he kept at the time. He was a wagoner in St. Clair's army. He says, "That battle always reminded him of a



furious thunder storm that comes up quick and rapidly, and soon disappears, leaving havoc and desolation in its path."

The escape of Stephen Littell was remarkable. At the commencement of the battle he was in the extreme advance. Being unable to keep up with his comrades in their precipitate flight, he sprang aside and hid in a dense thicket as the yelling savages rushed by in hot pursuit. Here he remained some time in dreadful suspense as the roar of the battle died away in the distance, the Indians being in full chase of the flying army. He then ventured slowly forward until he reached the scene of the night's encampment. Awful was the scene presented to him there, the bodies of some seven hundred of the killed and wounded encumbering the ground for the space of about three hundred and fifty yards. It was a cold, frosty morning. The scalped heads presented a very revolting spectacle. A peculiar vapor or steam ascended from them all. Many of these poor creatures were still alive, and groans were heard on all sides. Several of the wounded, knowing that as soon as the savages returned they would be doomed to death by torture, implored young Littell to put an end to their misery. This he refused to do. Being anxious as to the fate of his father, and seeing among the dead one who bore a strong resemblance to him, he was in the act of turning over the body to examine the features when the exultant and terrific shouts of the returning savages fell upon his ear, and already he could see through the forest the plumed warriors rushing back. It so chanced that an evergreen tree of very dense foliage had been felled near where he stood. It was his only possible covert. He sprang into the tree and turned its branches as well he could around him. Scarcely had he done this when the savages came bounding upon the ground like so many demons. Immediately they commenced their fiend-like acts of torture upon all the wounded. The scenes he continued to witness were more awful than the imagination could possibly conceive. Here our subject remained until a suitable time arrived for him to make his escape, which he did—the only one left to tell the sad story of the awful battlefield.

In justice to General Arthur St. Clair, the commanding officer of the army on November 4th, 1791, I will say that a committee was appointed by the House of Representatives to inquire into the cause of the disaster that fatal day. The conclusion of this committee, after the most patient and careful investigation, was that the defeat was due chiefly to the gross and various mismanagement of others and should in nowise be imputed to the commander-in-chief.

With his dismissal from office as governor of the Northwest Territory, November 22nd, 1802, the public life of Major



General St. Clair terminated. Broken in health and fortune, he now returned, at the age of sixty-eight, after a life spent largely in the service of his adopted country, to the Ligonier valley, western Pennsylvania.

He had never been reimbursed by his government for the private means spent by him during the war of the Revolution. In addition to this, during the Indian campaign in 1791, he had again advanced his personal credit to the public service, and the officers of the government, for more or less technical reasons, now and thereafter turned a deaf ear to his appeals for reimbursement or succor. He struggled earnestly from year to year



to retrieve his broken fortunes, but when the years of the embargo came, and the values of all property in America suffered such terrible depreciation, he was compelled to stand by and see the last of his property, real and personal, sold by the sheriff, and himself left at nearly eighty years of age absolutely penniless, dependent upon the charity of his family and friends. In referring to this execution St. Clair himself wrote, "They left me a few books of my classical library, and the bust of John Paul Jones, which he sent me from Europe for which I was very grateful."

One of his sons built him a log cabin on a small piece of land on Chestnut Ridge, five miles west of Ligonier. Here he lived in honorable poverty until August 31st, 1818, when he died from the effects of an injury sustained in being thrown from a wagon while driving to town.

Thus this hero of two wars, and of countless deeds of faithfulness, bravery and self-denial in times of peace, was quietly interred in the little burying ground of the neighboring hamlet of Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

By a strange and sad coincidence General Clark, conqueror of the Great Northwest, and General St. Clair were both permitted to die in poverty, neglect and obscurity. Both met a similar fate at about the same age and in the same year.

The language of the epitaph upon the simple stone which was afterwards erected at the grave of St. Clair by his Masonic brethren has often been quoted and should still carry its earnest appeal to men of our time. It is as follows:

"The earthly remains of Major General Arthur St. Clair are deposited beneath this humble monument which is erected to supply the place of a nobler one due from his country."

It was nearly a year before the general government made another attempt for the conquest of the northwestern tribes, who, it seems, had so far been invincible in spite of all the efforts brought to bear upon them.

The next commander-in-chief of the American army to appear upon the arena of western warfare was General Anthony Wayne, who arrived at Fort Washington in April, 1793, with a well-organized army of some twenty-six hundred troops.

On the 13th of October, 1793, General Wayne arrived on the present site of Greenville, Ohio, at which location he built a fort and remained until July 28th, 1794.

On October 17th, just four days after Wayne arrived at Greenville, Little Turtle made a dash on a baggage and provision train on the trail seven miles north of Fort St. Clair (now Eaton, Ohio). The convoys were under command of Lieutenant Lowry, and Ensign Boyd, and were loaded with supplies and provisions for the army. In the affray which followed thirteen noncommissioned officers and privates were killed, including Lieutenant Lowry, and seventy pack horses were killed or driven away.

This incident shows plainly that Little Turtle was by no means idle, but was constantly hanging on the outskirts of Wayne's army, ever ready to strike a blow if the opportunity should present itself.

During the winter Wayne sent a detachment to the site of St. Clair's defeat, twenty-three miles north of Greenville, and built Fort Recovery. This post was garrisoned and placed in command of Captain Gibson.

On the 30th of June, 1794, Little Turtle attacked this post with a numerous body of Indians and was repulsed with heavy loss.

General Wayne, as before noted, left Greenville July 28th, 1794, and encamped the first night seven or eight miles north of that place in the vicinity of what is now Beamsville. It has been said that this was the time and place which Little Turtle suggested for a night attack on General Wayne, but was opposed by nearly all of the other chiefs in the council, and perhaps the most favorable opportunity was thus permitted to pass by. This statement, however, does not agree with that of Lieutenant Boyer, who was with the army. In his Journal he says, "that the army marched twelve miles on July 28th, and encamped on Stillwater, and that on the second night they encamped one mile beyond Fort Recovery. This is no doubt the true statement, and indicates that Wayne followed practically the same route as St. Clair. In the meantime Wayne was not



molested and arrived at the 'Fallen Timber, August 20th, in sight of Fort Miami, the British garrison on the Maumee.

On the night before the battle, it is said, the Indians held a council to decide what action should be taken. Blue Jacket was in favor of battle, but Little Turtle, who plainly foresaw the final trend of events by this time, was in favor of making peace. The latter said, "we have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a Chief



Site of Old Fort Wayne (Indiana).

who never sleeps; the night and day are alike to him, and during all the time he has been marching upon our village, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers to me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace."

Being reproached for cowardice, which was foreign to his nature, he laid aside resentment, and took part in the battle on the morrow, leaving the leadership to his opponent. The result of the battle proved his sagacity and wisdom.

After the victory of the Fallen Timber by General Wayne the army returned to Fort Defiance, on the 27th, having laid waste to villages and cornfields on both sides of the Maumee, for at least fifty miles.

The Indians were utterly disheartened by their great defeat and considered themselves very dishonorably treated by the British officers, who had spurred them on to the battle and then had abandoned them, and were eager for peace.

On the 17th of September, Wayne reached the Miami villages, where he located another stockade, which was called Fort Wayne. Leaving a garrison here the rest of the army set out on their return to Fort Greenville, which post they reached on the 2nd of November, where they went into winter quarters.

This campaign accomplished its intended object. The Indians were thoroughly humbled and subdued, their houses were destroyed, their country ravaged, their supplies consumed. They no longer cherished any hope of being able to check the advance of the white man. In this state of extreme suffering, they were anxious for such terms as the conqueror might dictate.

Early in January, 1795, movements were made for the assembly of a general council of the Indian tribes of the Northwest to enter into a treaty of peace and friendship. Little Turtle was the principal leader of the Indian forces that defeated General Harmar on the Maumee river in October, 1790, and General Arthur St. Clair on the Wabash, November 4th, 1791, and he and Blue Jacket were among the foremost leaders of the Indians in their conflict with General Wayne's army in 1794. Nevertheless, he urged the Indians to make peace with this "Chief-who-never-sleeps," after their defeat by the whites. He joined in the treaty at Fort Greenville, August 3rd, 1795, having arrived at that post on the 23rd of June.

"I am the last to sign it, and will be the last to break it," he said. Faithful to his promise he remained passive and counseled peace on the part of his people until his death at Fort Wayne, July 14th, 1812.

Even his enemies paid tribute to his memory. His remains were interred about the center of the old orchard, with all his adornments, implements of war, a sword presented to him by



General Washington, together with a medal with the likeness of Washington thereon. All these objects were laid by the side of the body and hidden beneath the sod in one common grave.

It is said that one Mr. J. P. Hedges and others knew the exact spot up to about 1860. Mentioning the orchard in the center of which Little Turtle was buried calls to mind the historic renown of the famous old apple tree of more recent years, which stood alone, a silent, historic memento of years gone by, revered by both white and red men. It was out of this tree that an Indian during the siege of Fort Wayne in 1812 was



Fort Wayne as it appeared in 1794.

shot by one of the soldiers from the fort, at a distance of many hundred yards. In an exulting spirit one of the besiegers was in the habit of climbing the tree each day for several days, and throwing his arms much like the rooster flaps his wings when crowing, would utter a noise very like this fowl. This challenge was finally answered by the crack of a doubly charged rifle from the fort and the Indian was seen to fall. This tree has long since died and fallen to the ground, and remains only in the distant memory of the citizens of Allen County and the city of Fort Wayne.

Bryce tell us, "that Little Turtle died in his lodge or camp at the old orchard, a short distance north of the confluence of the St. Mary and St. Joseph, in the yard fronting the house of his son-in-law, Captain William Wells. He had suffered for many months previous with the gout and came here from his place of residence at Little Turtle's village on Blue river, about twenty miles northwest of Fort Wayne, to be treated by the United States army surgeon at the Fort. It was a solemn and interesting occasion.

After the treaty of Greenville, Little Turtle had remained the true and faithful friend of the Americans and the United States government, and was very much beloved and respected by all who knew him. Tecumseh strove hard to gain his confidence and aid, but without effect, for nothing could move him from his purpose of peace and good will toward the Americans. In the language of one who was present at his burial, "His body was borne to the grave with the highest honors by his great enemy, the white man. The muffled drum, the solemn march, the funeral salute announced that a great soldier had fallen."

We are informed by Mr. J. M. Stouder, who has been a life-long citizen of Fort Wayne, from good authority that his winding sheet was a green blanket of beautiful design and that the funeral oration was delivered by Chief Coessie, a grandson.

The treaty of Greenville having been held during the summer of 1795, in a great council of chiefs and warriors, negotiations continued for six weeks. On the third of August the treaty was signed, General Wayne acting as commissioner plenipotentiary in behalf of the United States. The following tribes were represented, being twelve in number, viz.: The Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanese, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Miamis, Eel Rivers, Weas, Kickapoos, Piankeskas and Kaskaskias. The boundary lines between the Indian lands and those of the United States were here permanently located.

At the close of the year 1796, General Wayne, returning from Detroit to the Eastern states, was taken sick in a humble log cabin at Presque Isle, on the shores of Lake Erie (now Erie, Pa.). Here, after a short illness, he died. General Wayne did not receive during his life the honors to which he was entitled for the



services he had rendered his country. Had he failed in his campaign all the southern Indians, from the Savannah river to the Mississippi, would undoubtedly have combined with the north-western tribes, and scenes of devastation, woe and death would have ensued, which even the imagination can scarcely exaggerate.

We are informed that the plan of attack on St. Clair's army the morning of November 4th was conceived by Little Turtle alone in opposition to the opinion of almost every other chief. His shrewdness and ability as a great military commander were never excelled by any other Chieftain.



Greenville Creek, vicinity of Site where Treaty was signed in 1795.

At the Greenville treaty the new government presented Little Turtle and other participating chiefs a beautiful silver medal, which was highly prized by the savages. This medal was a facsimile of the Red Jacket medal, except that the date engraved thereon was 1795. It was oblong in shape and four by six inches in size. The Red Jacket medal was presented to Chief Red Jacket in the spring of 1792, at Philadelphia, by President Washington. It is now in the custody of the Buffalo Historical Society.

From time immemorial loyalty has been rewarded by the con-

ferring of land and titles of nobility, by the personal thanks of the sovereign, the presentation of medals and the bestowal of knightly honors, the insignia of which were hung on the breast of the recipient. With the Indian chief of the western tribes it was the same.

The following is a complete description of the Greenville treaty medal: On the obverse side President Washington is represented in uniform, bareheaded, facing to the right and presenting a pipe to an Indian chief, who is smoking it. The Indian is standing and has a large medal suspended from his neck. On the left is a pine tree at the foot of which lies a tomahawk. In the background is a farmer plowing. Below, in exergue, "George Washington, President, 1795". On the reverse side appears the arms and crest of the United States on the breast of an eagle. In the eagle's right talon is an olive branch; in the left, a sheaf of arrows; in its beak, the motto "E pluribus unum"; above, a glory breaking through the clouds and surrounded by thirteen stars.

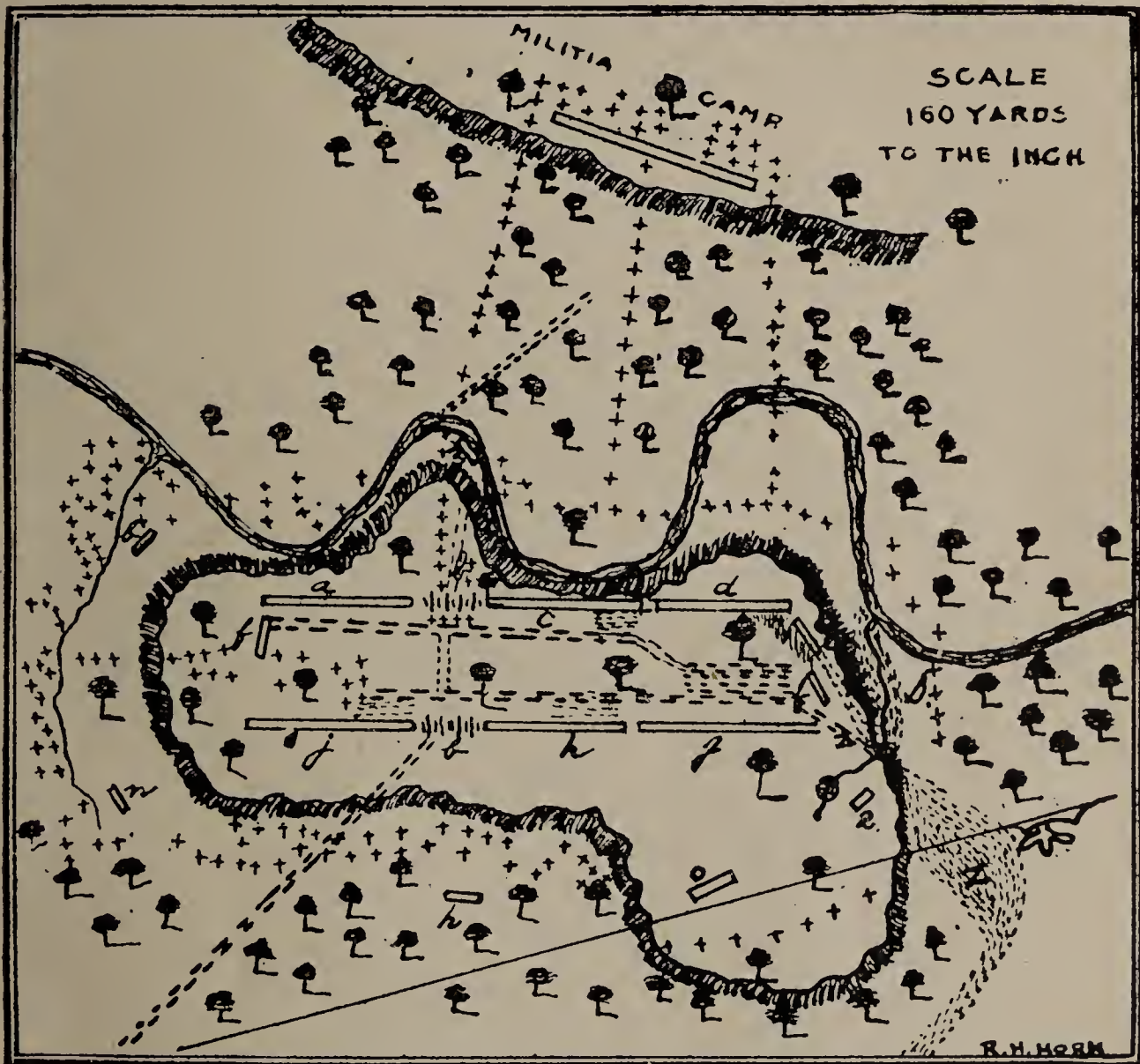
It seems that the Little Turtle medal is now lost, as we have so far failed to find it among any of his descendants, or to learn where any of them have disposed of it. It was not interred with him at his burial, as its absence was especially noticed from all the things that were taken from the grave. Its present location seems to be entirely unknown to any person now living.

However, one of these medals were presented to Wa-pa-manqua, or White Loon, a Wea chief, and secured from one of his descendants in Oklahoma, by D. B. Dyer of Augusta, Ga. It is now in the public museum of Kansas City, Mo. Another was presented to She-mock-in-wak, or Soldier, as he was commonly called, chief of the Eel river Miamis. We learn that one of the above-named chiefs of Miami County, Indiana, whose name was John Eveline, sold this medal about 1906 to parties in Chicago whose names we are unable to learn. So this is about all we are able to say concerning any and all of the Greenville treaty medals given out by the government at the treaty in 1795, to the various chiefs and warriors there assembled.

After Little Turtle's death, Pesh-e-wak succeeded him as Chief of the Miamis. He was better known on the frontier as John B. Richardville. This chief was born on the St. Mary's



river near the present Fort Wayne, about 1761. Inheriting noble French blood on his father's side, his abilities were such, it is said, as well adapted him to direct the affairs of the Miamis. He



PLAN OF STCLAIR'S CAMP AND BATTLE.

EXPLANATION.

a.—Butler's Battalion. b. b.—Artillery. c.—Clark's Battalion. d.—Patterson's Battalion. e.—Faulkner's Rifle Company. f. f.—Cavalry. g.—Detachment of Second U. S. Regiment. h.—Gaither's Battalion. j.—Beddinger's Battalion. b. n., p.—Flank Guards. o 2.—Pickets. s.—Swamp. m.—Camp Guard. The numerous crosses represent the Indian Enemy. z. z.—Troops retreating. The crooked stream, the Wabash River.

spoke French and English fluently, as well as his native Indian tongue, and for many years his house on the banks of the St. Mary's river, about four miles from Fort Wayne, was known as

the abode of hospitality. At the time of his death, August 13th, 1841, Pesh-e-wak was about eighty years old, and was regarded as the wealthiest Indian in North America. His property is said to have been valued at more than a million dollars.

Early in 1797, accompanied by Captain Wells, his son-in-law, Little Turtle visited President Washington at Philadelphia, where he met General Kosciusco, the latter presenting him with his own pair of elegantly mounted pistols.

Although Tecumseh endeavored to draw him away from his peaceful relations with the whites his efforts were in vain. Little Turtle signed the following treaties with the United States: Greenville, August 3rd, 1795; Fort Wayne, June 17th, 1803; Vincennes, August 21st, 1805; Fort Wayne, September 30th, 1809. From the time he signed the treaty of Greenville, he lived in amity with and was a friend of the American people.

To the honor of all true-born Americans, a grateful government has recently paid a just debt of love and esteem to the heroes who died on the battlefield of Fort Recovery, by the erecting and unveiling, on July the 1st, 1913, a granite shaft 101½ feet high, with a base 35 feet square. A heroic figure, typifying the early scout and settler, stands on the northern side of the shaft. This figure is nine feet high, and is one of the most impressive features of the monument. With face stern and unyielding, foot and leg striding forward, flintlock and powder horn in hand, it seems to be ever advancing toward the great Northwest of which this region was once typical. It represents the conquest of the Northwest, the progress of the nation and the advancement of civilization. Above all it commemorates the lives which were sacrificed, that all this might be achieved, and seems to cast over all surroundings the calm and quiet of a benediction. The dedication took place on the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of Little Turtle's second attack on Fort Recovery, and in the one hundred and twenty-second year after the first battle. This monument is composed of North Carolina granite, and was erected through an appropriation by the general government, of twenty-five thousand dollars, secured by the personal efforts of Congressman W. E. Touville.

Little Turtle had somewhat of a remarkable mind, was for



many years the leading spirit among the Miamis, was surpassed for bravery and intelligence perhaps by none of his race. He was of an inquiring turn of mind, and never lost an opportunity to gain some valuable information upon almost every subject or object that attracted his attention. He sought by every means in his power during the latter days of his life to relieve his people from every debasing habit, encouraging them only in the more peaceful, sober and industrious relations of life. Each evening he is said to have called the children of the village together, telling them an amusing story and giving them a short lecture in

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The Aboite River Massacre. From an old print.

which he advised them to be industrious, shun strong drink and not to take anything that did not belong to them.

It is said of Little Turtle that he never was intoxicated, and did all in his power to keep his people from drink. He urged the Indians to avoid it by word and example, and gained the rare distinction of securing the first prohibition law against the liquor traffic ever enacted by the United States government. He visited the legislatures of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, as well as Congress, and begged for the prohibition of intoxicating liquors among the Indians. In a speech which was taken down in short-



hand at the time, he denounced drink as a ruinous evil that destroyed great numbers of his tribesmen's lives, that caused the young men to say, "We had better be at war with the white people, for this liquor that they introduce into our country is more to be feared than the gun or the tomahawk. More of us have died since the Treaty of Greenville than we lost by the years of war before, and it is all owing to the introduction of this liquor among us."

In 1798 he traveled from his home in Indiana to Philadelphia to plead with President John Adams for protection for the Indians against the whisky traffic, telling him that liquor had destroyed three thousand Indians alone during the preceding year. However, he failed to secure any results at this time.

In 1801 he again visited the east and interested the Baltimore yearly meeting of Friends in behalf of his cause. The meeting appointed a committee to go with him to Washington to present the matter to President Jefferson. The President looked into the subject and sent a special message (the first of the kind ever given) to Congress that resulted in the passing of the act of March 30th, 1802, in which Congress empowered the President to take steps to eliminate the traffic from the Indian country. Thus Little Turtle is the real father of the first prohibition law ever enacted in this country.

In the month of January, 1812, Little Turtle warned General Harrison by a messenger of the signs of an approaching war with Great Britain, expressing for himself his attachment to the government of the United States. It seems that shortly after his death a part of the Miamis at least, were inclined to adhere to the British and to show signs of hostility, so much so that a little over two months after his death, General Harrison was compelled to order Colonel Simrall with a regiment of dragoons, armed with muskets and numbering some three hundred and twenty men, also a company of mounted riflemen under Colonel Farrow, to destroy Little Turtle's town, some twenty miles northwest of Fort Wayne, with strict orders not to molest the buildings formerly erected by the United States for the benefit of Little Turtle, whose friendship for the Americans had ever been firm after the Treaty of Greenville. Colonel Simrall most faithfully performed the task



assigned him, and on the evening of the 19th returned to the fort. The house of Little Turtle, built by the government, was thus preserved.

The writer has often talked with an old trapper and hunter, by the name of William Gaff, who died about 1867. This old trapper had frequently camped for several weeks, twenty or twenty-five years before, in the famous Little Turtle house, shortly after all the Indians had left. He said he had drank water out of an old gourd from the spring at the foot of the hill.



View of Landscape adjoining Devil's Lake, near site of Little Turtle Village.

"Deserted was his own good hall,  
His hearth was desolate;  
Wild weeds had gathered on the wall,  
The wolf howled at the gate."

Forest and prairie fires finally destroyed the last vestige of all Indian remains, and Little Turtle's village became a thing of the past.

"Away those winged years have flown to gain the mass

of ages gone." Later, about 1839, a number of the Miamis, with other tribes, were taken west by way of Cincinnati and the Ohio. They stopped at Greenville long enough to pay a last visit of respect to the old home of Tecumseh and the Prophet. In this connection a strange incident was related by one Mr. Steven Hiland, an old gentleman, who lived in Greenville, O., in 1880, but had been a citizen of Hamilton County, Ohio, in early days. He stated that when the Indians saw the tomb of General Harrison at North Bend, and learned that it was the grave of the old hero of Tippecanoe, they at once expressed a desire to land and pay a last tribute of respect to the departed dead. This privilege being granted, they then assembled around his tomb, kneeling and uttering words in their native tongue, after which they arose and resumed their journey. The interpreter afterward informed the commanding officer that what the Indians said in substance at the tomb of General Harrison was this, "Farewell Ohio and your bravest warrior."

"Adieu to the graves where my forefathers rest,  
For I must be going to the far distant west;  
I've sold my possessions, my heart fills with woe,  
To think I must leave them. Alas, I must go.

"Farewell, ye tall oaks in whose pleasant green shade  
In childhood I sported, in innocence played;  
My dog and my hatchet, my arrows and bow,  
Are still in remembrance. Alas, I must go.

"Adieu, ye loved scenes which bind me like chains,  
Where on my gay pony I chased o'er the plains,  
The deer and the turkey I tracked in the snow,  
But now I must leave them. Alas, I must go.

"Adieu to the trails which for many a year,  
I traveled to spy the turkey and deer;  
The hills, trees and flowers that pleased me so  
I must now leave. Alas, I must go."

Little Turtle's name was spelled and also pronounced different ways, but at the Treaty of Greenville it was spelled Meshe-kin-no-quah. Mr. J. P. Dunn, author of "The Indian Stories," says, "This name was commonly known as "The Little Turtle,"



but that is not what his name means. Literally it means "the great turtle's wife," but it is not in that sense that it applied to this great chief. The Miamis have specific names for the most common turtle: At-che-pong, for snapping turtle; Ah-koot-yak, for the soft-shelled turtle; We-weet-chah, for the box turtle; and Me-she-kin-no-quah, for the painted terrapin. This last is the commonest of all the turtles in this region, and the most gaudily colored, which probably explains its Indian name, for who should be handsomely dressed if not the wife of the



Devil's Lake, Near Site of Little Turtle's Village.

Great Turtle, who typifies the earth and who was the chief beneficent manitou of the Algonquin tribes in the olden times? But when it came to translation the interpreters knew no specific English name for the painted terrapin, which is a little turtle, never growing more than six or eight inches across. They conveyed the ideas as well as they could by saying, "The Little Turtle." "The Little Turtle was probably a puny infant, which may account for his name, for a more sprawling, helpless, looking creature than a newly hatched, painted terrapin can hardly be imagined."



He was thirty-nine years old at the time of St. Clair's defeat, and sixty years old at the time of his death. It seemed that his grave had been lost to all human knowledge, and that the most diligent search in recent times had failed to locate the exact place of his burial. Thus, after sleeping in an unknown grave for a number of years in the vicinity of his former glory, his remains were accidentally found on July 4th, 1911. Two brothers, Albert and Charles Lockner, who had contracted to build a house for Dr. George W. Gillie on Lawton Place, lot 28, near the west bank of the St. Joseph river, while engaged in digging the cellar, uncovered the supposed remains of the great Miami War Chief.

We herewith give the account of the finding of the grave as related by Mr. J. M. Stouder, of whom we will have more to say later. The date of the discovery will hereafter be of interest to the citizens of Fort Wayne and Allen County, and indeed, to all persons interested in the early settlement of the Northwest Territory. The Lockner brothers soon found a number of Indian skeletons in digging out the cellar, which was, no doubt, the last burying ground of the Miamis at Fort Wayne. Noticing that whatever was in the graves was appropriated by the laborers, the contractors called off the crew, and with the assistance of Dr. George Gillie proceeded to finish the cellar and to dig the drain for the same. In this cellar drain the grave of Little Turtle was found. The finders had no idea of the identity of the body. About the neck of the chief was found the string of silver beads and crosses, and in the few remaining tufts of hair on the back of the skull was the string of white shell beads. The hair was also tied with a buckskin thong, and from the description given by the Lockner brothers, was well preserved. The vermilion plait was beneath the Chieftain's knees, the silver armlets on his arms, and the anklets and the famous sword, guns and remnants of the pistols were at his side. The various other implements had been placed in different parts of the grave and had probably become disarranged in the digging of the drain. On the breast were the silver disks believed to be medals. They were fastened together by

means of a buckskin thong and are shown in the collection just as they were found.

About a month later Mr. J. M. Stouder had occasion to visit the house of Albert Lockner and asked to see the Indian relics that he knew he had in his possession as he always was interested in such discoveries. He was immediately struck by the apparent wealth and importance of the find and began an investigation as to the identity of the remains of the person in the grave. Early in his research work he became convinced that



Kil-so-Quah, born May, 1810. Her son and daughter Roanoke,  
Photo taken June, 1913.

Albert and Charles Lockner and Dr. Gillie had discovered the grave of Little Turtle. He says that he was greatly indebted to Miss Eliza Rudisell, Mr. Howard Hanthorn and Mr. Charles Warden for the assistance they gave him in identifying the grave of the greatest chief of his time.

The articles taken from the grave are: Eight silver bracelets; two silver anklets; one heavy metal bracelet; three silver medals; four silver brooches; one pair of silver earrings; six pendants; one string of silver beads; twenty-three silver crosses



each one inch long; one sword, which we are certain is that presented to the Chief by General George Washington; one string of white silver beads; four metal buttons; one small pocket knife; one large clasp knife of very odd design; one drinking cup; one metal spoon; one pair of shears; one hammer; one gun barrel, from which rotten portions of the stock fell when it was lifted from the grave; one pair of bullet molds; one flint lock; the remains of a pistol; three large knives; one pair of steel spurs; one ax; one tomahawk; and copper kettle containing, when found, beans and corn, which went to a fine powder when exposed to the air. We are satisfied that the grave of no ordinary Indian would have contained this costly and various display of riches, and that this is undoubtedly an accidental and genuine find of the remains of Little Turtle.

W. D. Schiefer, of the Schiefer Shoe Store, says that while he resided on the old Barnett place in 1875 a man named Hedges, who had been present at the burial of Little Turtle, had pointed out to him the exact location of the grave, as well as he could remember, without any suggestions from any one. Although he had not been in the locality since Spy Run had been laid out, Mr. Schiefer located the spot within one hundred feet of the place where the grave was uncovered.

The standing of Mr. J. M. Stouder, a hardware dealer at 122 East Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind., who identified the grave and its remains, preserved the relics and marked the spot at his own expense for all time, is high. Too much credit can not be given this man. In justice to historical facts relating to the find and identity of this long-lost grave, it is said, "That Mr. Stouder is an almost life-long citizen of Fort Wayne, that he is regarded by his fellow townsmen as a straightforward, upright, enterprising citizen. He is a member of high standing in the Free Mason Lodge, highly esteemed by all who know him." This discovery is regarded as genuine by the people of Fort Wayne and vicinity, as well as by all scientific and historical experts, who have seen fit to investigate this most remarkable and important discovery, historically considered, of recent times.

William Geakie, of the city of Fort Wayne, has in his possession in his safe vault, in the First National Bank, the gold watch that belonged to Little Turtle and worn by him for many years. The watch is beautiful in design and workmanship. It was purchased in England at a cost of approximately \$400.00, was presented to the Chief by the British during the time the English government was currying the favor and agitating the Indians in uprisings against the new republic. It was a bribe both pure and simple, conceived by the duplicity of English statesmen. At the death of Little Turtle the watch became the property of the succeeding chief and went on down the line of the successive leaders of the tribe until it reached George Godfrey, whose father was the last real chief of the Miamis in this section of the country.

George Godfrey, who lived on the reservation south of the city, became ill of a complication of diseases. Seven years ago he was brought to the Hope Hospital for treatment, his condition was hopeless and he realized that he could not recover. He had become a member of the Masonic Lodge many years before at the request of Mr. Geakie, who was one of his closest friends, a member of the Scottish Rite, a Knight Templar and a Shriner. Two weeks before his death came, he urged Mr. Geakie, who was his daily visitor at the hospital, to accept the watch as a last token of friendship. For several years it had been locked in the safe at the Dallas & Green jewelry store. When Mr. Geakie toured Europe several years ago he took the watch with him, and one of the most noted jewelers in London cleaned and repaired the timepiece. Though nearly 150 years old the watch still keeps perfect time.

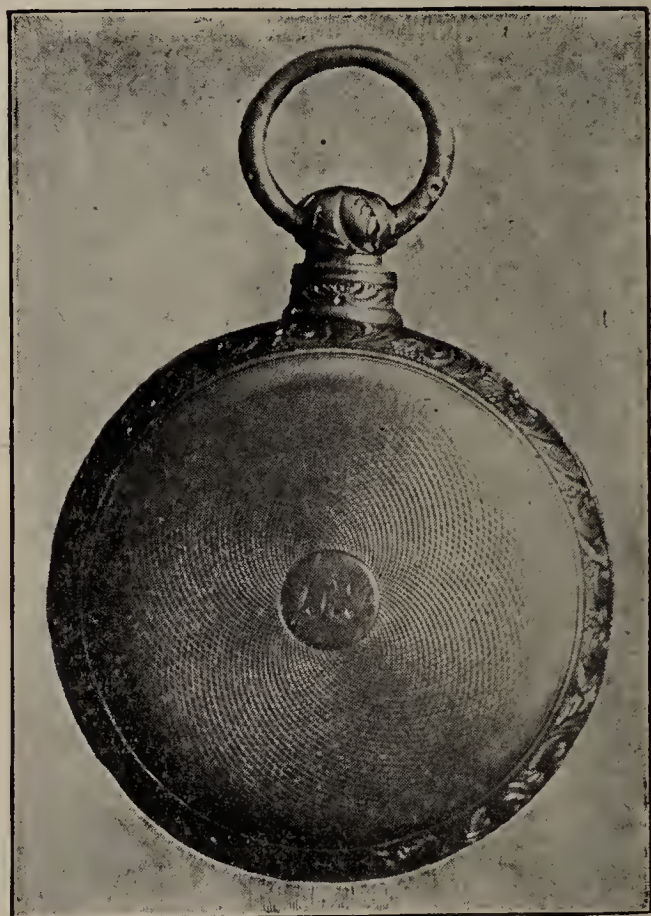
Robert Koerber, of Trenkley & Koerber, was shown the watch. He at once became very much interested, recognizing it as one of the rare old English makes. He took the numbers of the case and works, and the name of the makers, Motobis & Company, of Liverpool, England. On the back of the watch are engraved the initials of John Richardville Godfrey, who married into Little Turtle's family, and became a chief. The watch is now held as a priceless relic by William Geakie, of Fort Wayne.



On August 4th, 1913, the writer, in company with Mr. J. M. Stouder, paid a visit to Roanoke, Huntington County, 16 miles southwest of Fort Wayne, where we called on Dr. S. Koontz, who kindly directed us to the home of Kil-soqua (The Setting Sun), about a mile distant. This woman is a granddaughter of the chief, Little Turtle, and was born in May, 1810, making her now about 104 years of age. Found her enjoying reasonable health for one of her age, with eye-



Face of Little Turtle's Watch.



Back of Little Turtle's Watch.

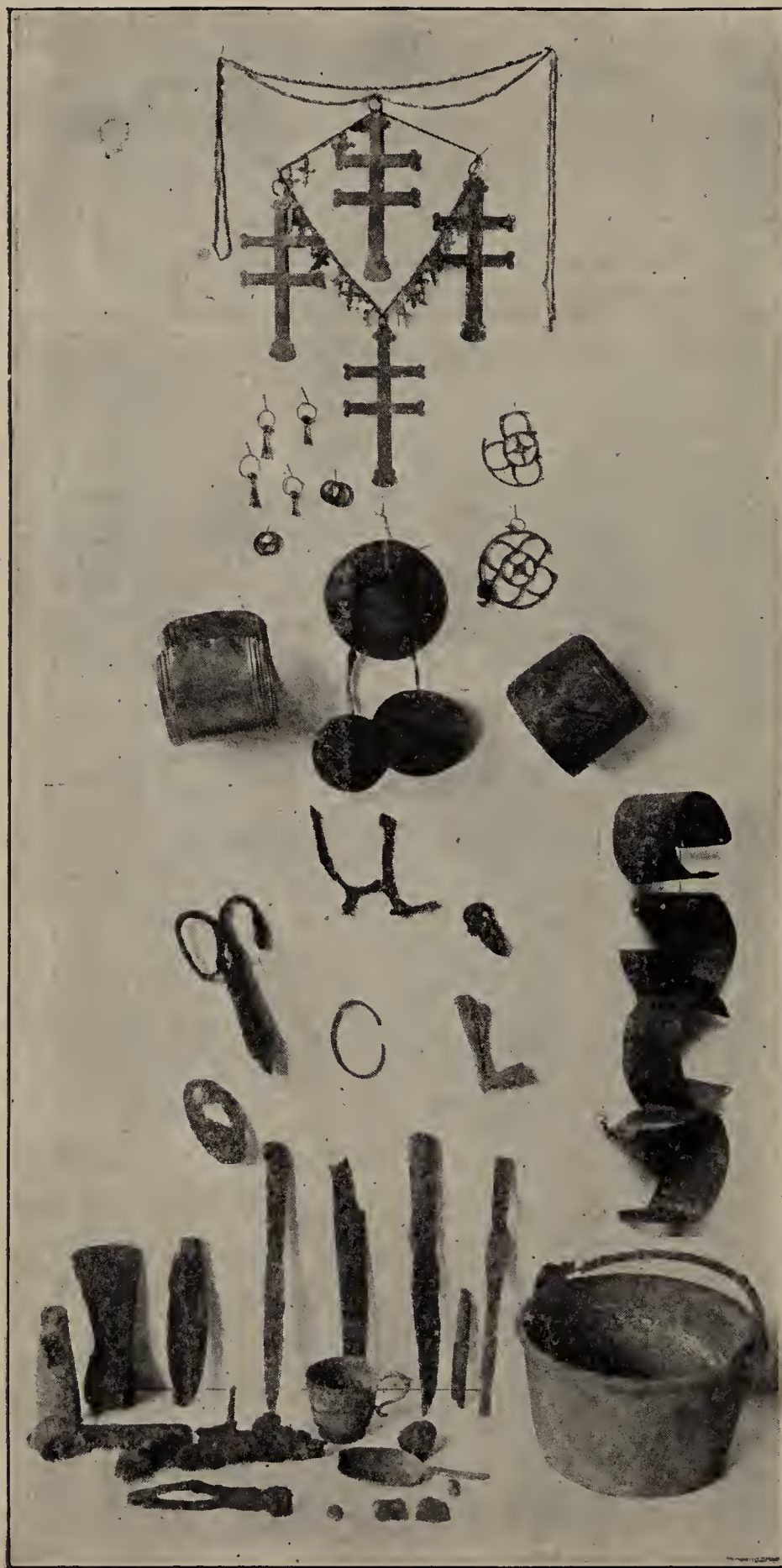
sight somewhat dim, seated in a great-arm rocking chair. After introduction and presents of tobacco and other trinkets, the smoking of tobacco finished, a conversation followed through the son, Tony, as interpreter, as she herself speaks no English. Mr. Stouder mentioned the accidental find of the grave of her grandfather, and of the care he had taken to place a marker over the remains so that the exact spot could never again become lost, and of the prospect in the near future of a suitable monument to mark the grave. The writer of these pages confirmed this statement of facts, having seen the marble slab with name and

date thereon, "Little Turtle, Born 1752. Died 1812." She asked about the relics found with him which she thought were unquestionable, and seemed very much pleased when informed that they were all together in one case in a fireproof building and would be sacredly preserved, and when we left the place she desired her son to inform us that she fervently thanked God for the interest the two white men took in honoring her with a visit, and especially for the tribute of honor paid by them to her distinguished grandfather.

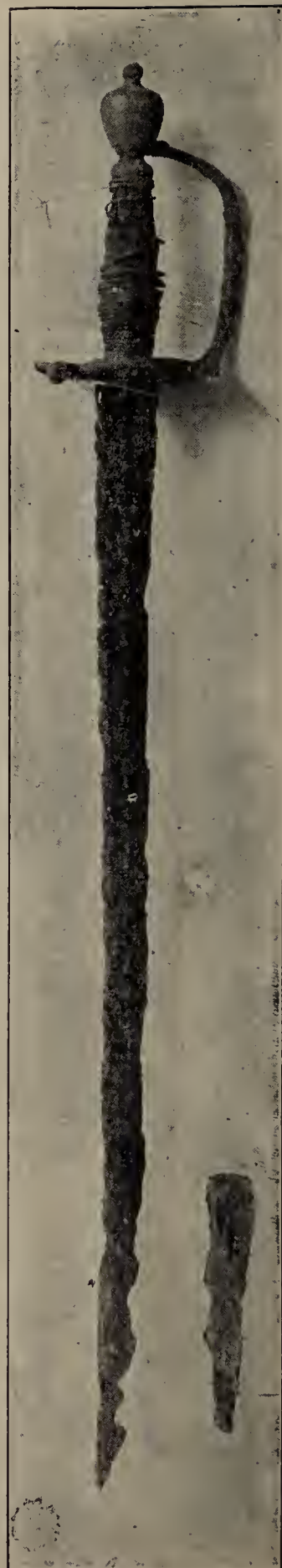
A copy of the "Journal Gazette" containing the article at the time of the discovery was taken to her and before her son had scarcely commenced to read it to her, she gave a very accurate account of the location of the grave and came within a few hundred feet of telling where it was located. She told of the sword and described the different things which were buried with him on account of his rank. She claimed that she had seen him often and remembered distinctly of combing his hair and of being his favorite child, said that during her younger days she had often visited his grave. She has a vivid recollection of what was called the falling of the stars November 13th, 1833. Her father was Wak-shin-gay, a son of Little Turtle; her mother was a daughter of Chief She-wock-e-wish, one of the bravest Miami warriors. Born in May, 1810, and still living in fairly good health is a distinction that Roanoke is proud of. A government grant of land was made to her father in Ohio, but he traded it for 320 acres near Roanoke. He farmed it for sixteen years and died in 1846. Her husband's bones and relics are in a box in Dr. Koontz's office at Roanoke; these remains will be reburied at Kil-so-qua's side at her death. His body was taken up at her request some four years ago, as the site was soon to be lost, the ground being cleared and farmed over. Her memory was so accurate, that she located the grave within six inches of the skull, after the men had given up all hopes of finding the remains.

Kil-so-qua married a half-breed, French and Indian, by the name of Revarre, who died nearly sixty years ago; two children only remain, both of whom are now with her. Anthony Revarre,





Articles found in grave of Little Turtle.



Sword of Little Turtle.

whose Indian name is Wah-pl-mon-quah (White Loon), has always remained with his mother, taking good care of her and acting as interpreter for her when strangers give them a call. A few months ago her daughter arrived here from the Miami reservation, Oklahoma, where she has a home of her own. Her name is Mary E. Taylor, her Indian name is Town-no-com-quah (Blowing Snow), and she is assisting to take care of her aged mother. She is quite a genteel and courteous lady, with an English education, writing very plainly her name and address, her Indian name and its meaning, for me. There are no grandchildren, so this branch of Little Turtle's family will shortly become extinct.

The bones of Chief Coessie were taken up from the same location at the same time as those of Mr. Revarre, the husband of Kil-so-qua, and expressed to Columbia City with the understanding that they were to be buried on the Court House grounds, and a suitable monument in time to be erected thereon. But a storm of opposition from the citizens for the time has delayed the execution of this design. So the remains of Coessie, a grandchild of Little Turtle, are now held in the Columbia City Bank, owned by the McClellan brothers. They still hope at some future time to accomplish their object and erect a statue suitable to his name and honor. He was a son of Ma-kah-ta-mon-quah or Black Loon; Kil-so-qua's father was Wak-shin-gay. Their only sister's name was Wan-man-go-pith or Sweet Breeze. She was married to William Wells, the adopted son of Little Turtle.

These three children, Ma-kak-ta-mon-quah, Wak-shin-gay, and Wan-man-go-pith, are all of Little Turtle's family of which we have any record. The descendants of William Wells now inhabit the region of the lower Maumee valley. One, Mr. J. M. Wolcott, a recent mayor of Maumee City, is one of the descendants of William Wells, also another family by the name of Gilbert. We here refer the reader to a sketch in 18th volume of Ohio Archaeological and Historical Reports, by N. B. C. Love, concerning this branch of the family. The remnants of the Miamis were conducted to their reservation west of the Mississippi by Alexander Coquillard in 1847 and 1851. There still remained about 600 Indians on the reservation near Peru, Indiana, in 1854, but nearly all of these followed in a short time afterward. The



last remnant of the tribe now reside on the Quapaw reservation in Oklahoma and number about fifty souls.

Pontiac was assassinated in 1767 at a great Indian council in Illinois, near St. Louis. He had just finished a war speech wherein he favored the continuance of war against the English. An Indian of the Peoria tribe was present as a spy to report the proceedings of this council to the English. This Indian at the close of the speech plunged his knife into his heart and the great Chieftain fell dead upon the spot.

Tecumseh was killed in the battle of the Thames, Oct. 5th., 1813, at the head of 2500 Indian allies. Mr. Caleb Atwater tells us that he fell at the very first fire of the Kentucky dragoons, pierced by several bullets. Thus both of them died a violent death, one while engaged in stirring up strife, turmoil and war, the other in battle, in a terrific assault against his inveterate enemies, the Americans. Both died with enmity and vengeance against the pale face.

Not so with Little Turtle. After a comparative study of those three great Indian Chieftains we are convinced that Little Turtle had a wider conception of the future welfare and well-being of his race than either of the two former Chieftains, and in contrast to them died in peace and friendship with the Americans, and was by them laid to rest beside the peaceful waters of the river St. Joseph. It has been said that the sun of Indian glory set with him, and when Little Turtle and Tecumseh passed away the clouds and shadows which for two hundred years had threatened, gathered around their race in the starless night of death.

He was the noblest Roman of them all, for, like Pontiac, thirty years before, he was the soul of fire. Every one who reads these pages and the final treaty of Greenville will be impressed with his high courage and the manly stand which he took for his race and the hunting grounds of his fathers.

And in conclusion, will say that we have reason to be concerned lest we have failed to properly convey in suitable language the noble attributes of character, commensurate with the sterling qualities of soul, body and mind, which Little Turtle possessed to a marked degree.

And now to this child of the forest may peace be to his ashes, and may his spirit dwell in the happy hunting grounds of the Indian race forever.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave  
And yet the tide heaves onward  
We climb like corals grave by grave  
But pave a path that's sunward.

We're beaten back in many a fray,  
But newer strength we borrow;  
And where the vanguard camps today  
The rear shall rest tomorrow.





## ROBERT YOST HIS BOOK.

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*Rob't Yost his Book made for the purpose of noting down our Marching and what we seen and expericet while in the united States service beginning at St Clearsville Ohio Sept. the third Eighteen hundred and thirteen and continued to note down as we marcht.*

AN ORIGINAL JOURNAL, REPRODUCED AS WRITTEN.

[The original of this Journal is now in the possession of J. W. Yost, a direct descendant of Robert, the author. Mr. J. W. Yost had the Journal reproduced in exact expression, spelling and punctuation for the QUARTERLY. — Editor.]

Decm the 3 1813 By the authourity of his excelency G. Meggs, [Meigs] we were Called upon to Repair to the frontiers as a defence for them and on the third day of Sept. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirteen we Rendevooused in St. Clearsvill where we remaind until Sunday the 5 and then we formd the line of march in much confution and under the vew of many of our beloved friends and fellow Citizens who escorted us for some distance our Companys under the Command of Stephenson and Howel on that days march was from St. Clearsville to Morristown which was ten miles and there encamped and there was joined by the Riphel Company under the command of D. Conner and the morning of the sixth we formed the line of march in morristown streets where the Rev Mr Clark gave us a very solem adress on the words Righteousness exalteth a nation and after solem prayer we were dismissed and then marched for Barnesville and encamped there that night and was joined by another Company under the Command of T Shannon the next morning the 7 we took up the line of march for head quarters and come to bemerstown that day and encamped there til next morning the 8 we took up the line of march About one o'clock we came to Cambridg and encamped until thursday morning which day it rained on us which made it disagreeable













